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The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19, OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1919

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"The Girl I Left Behind Me"

The Post Exchange

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The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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Vol. V.

Saturday, November 29, 1919

No. 7

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice,
Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seven-
teen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

This season of the year one recalls the voyage of the Mayflower, which brought seekers of freedom to these shores. It is time for a return trip, bearing enemies of freedom from the same shores.

Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman and others of the breed have received their discharges and are out of uniform. They served "duration" terms in safe places, safe for them and safe for us, and the uniform they wore was not O. D. or Navy Blue. The Government speaks of deporting the Reds it locked up during the war. What we want to see is the names of those undesirables on an early sailing schedule.

The Goldman-Berkman firm will need company when it goes. It was unduly deprived of congenial association in jail. Thousands of their ilk ran around loose during the war, and while 4,800,000 Americans were in the fighting forces and the vision of the nation was fixed on the war, they were sowing their seeds of destruction and anarchy and laying the fires which they hope may make a Russia of the United States. They are not much of a menace in view of the new Americanism. But they are a beastly nuisance.

Blast the crop. Stamp out the fires which already are being lighted. Run the Reds out from the land whose flag they sully. Cleanse the country of the skulkers whose insane ambition is to wreck it.

There wasn't much enthusiasm, says one of our returned furlough sergeants about the New York armistice celebration. The Manhattanese find it hard to cheer on lemonade. The cafes did a very small business but there were many parties in private homes, where the slightest excuse is made for a dip into the remaining supply of liquors. Looking back on the year and after paying \$140 for a suit of clothes it looks like only one person got his freedom; —the kaiser. He has been getting free rent, fresh country eggs, a long rest in the country, lots of free advertising and freedom of the Bantock wine cellar.



Talk about profiteering, but the ginks who peddle the Spiritus Fermenti these days can make a fortune in one night. In the old days a man could get soused on forty cents and go home and beat up his wife for nothing. Nowadays it costs him a small fortune to smell of a cork from a bottle of the 2.75 per cent stuff, and he doesn't even have a chance with his wife. John D. himself couldn't get a jag on at that rate.

We see where some bird thought he could solve the High Cost of Booze by drinking hair tonic. He did solve it for himself, but it cost his folks a big undertaker's bill. The only way a man can get stewed nowadays, or make himself think he is stewed, is to order a bottle of Bevo and smoke enough Nebo cigarettes to make him dizzy while he is drinking it.

Herbert Kauffman, the great writer, claims that there are three sides to every dispute—to-wit:—The inside, the outside, and the wrong side. Every man who wags a malicious tongue reminds us of the fellow who shoots the gun that he thought wasn't loaded, and didn't know where it was pointed. An average man is a pretty decent sort of a chap and if all the hearsay in the world comes to a showdown the bubble busts and that's the end of it.

Unfortunately all the wrong dope is spilled, when a guy ain't a looking. What's the answer? Hear and see no evil—as the Jap teaches his little ones. Gossip, Rumor, Scandal, are the three fads that are fatal to self-respect. Whenever a man thinks another is a thief—let him take it up with the police. Tell it to them—should be your answer. Whenever you think a woman is wrong—think of someone in your own family in her place and when you're right you are wrong. Don't be a washwoman and pull that old—he says, that she says, that he heard, and so on.—Believe only your own honest unbiased opinion and if you think a guy is right—and you have no reason to think him wrong—don't let some guy that lives in a glass house forget to pull down the curtain himself, and throw the brick—find out for yourself in your own way and don't pull the old stuff—so and so tells me that,—

Don't butt in on any deal that you don't hold cards for. Shake a long tongue. Don't spread unfounded dope. Until it is necessary don't put in your two cents against anyone and make yourself an disappointed court martial to try and sentence anyone who has not been brought up on the coals for you to haul over. Don't give any opinions about anyone until you have figured out in your own mind "Am I buttin' in?"

Ludendorff's statement that the Germans took American prisoners who had "an entirely wrong or vague conception of what they were fighting for" is not startling. The Allies took German prisoners whose knowledge of Germany's war aims was inexact. The fewest of us, in any conflict, know what we are fighting for. And an even smaller number could be articulate if asked what they are living for.



PUBLIC SERVICE HOSPITALS

The War Department has turned over to the Public Service a total of 19 hospitals since May 1st last, they being no longer required by the Military Service. The hospitals so transferred are:—

General Hospital No. 10, Boston, Mass.
 General Hospital No. 12 Biltmore, N. C.
 General Hospital No. 13, Dansville, N. Y.
 General Hospital No. 15, Corpus Christi, Texas.
 General Hospital No. 16, New Haven,
 General Hospital No. 24, Parkview, Pa.
 General Hospital No. 32, Chicago, Ill.
 General Hospital No. 34, East Norfolk.
 General Hospital No. 40, St. Louis, Mo.
 Base Hospital, Camp Beauregard, La.
 Base Hospital, Camp Cody, N. Mex.
 Base Hospital, Camp Fremont, Calif.
 Base Hospital, Camp Hancock, Ga.
 Base Hospital, Camp Jos. E. Johnson,
 Base Hospital, Camp Logan, Texas.
 Base Hospital, Camp Sevier, S. C.
 Norwegian Lutheran Hospital, Brooklyn.
 Hospital, U. S. Q., Terminal, Sewell's
 Point, near Norfolk, Va.

MISS JONES LEAVES US

Miss Genevieve W. James, who has been at the Hostess House since August, has gone to her home in Philadelphia for an extended rest.

Miss James will be succeeded by Miss Ruth P. Ring of Germantown, Philadelphia. Miss Ring is a graduate of Wellesley College and has had extended hostess house service. She was on the staff of the hostess house at Plattsburg Barracks and Camp Upton, N. Y. and later organized and directed the houses at Syracuse, N. Y., and the Naval Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island.

HE DIDN'T KNOW

Sentimental Mary—Oh, don't you just love to cuddle up against the good old spring and feel the gloriousness of it!

Mere Man—I don't know. I've always slept on a mattress.

"Didn't you call for help when he kissed you?"

"No; he didn't need any."

CAMOUFLAGE

If you see a complexion that's peaches and cream,

Remember things always aren't just what they seem,

Just take a good look, and come out of your dream,—

IT'S CAMOUFLAGE!

If the opposite player leans back in his chair,

Looks happy and whistles a popular air,
 Why, just ask the dealer for all he can spare,—

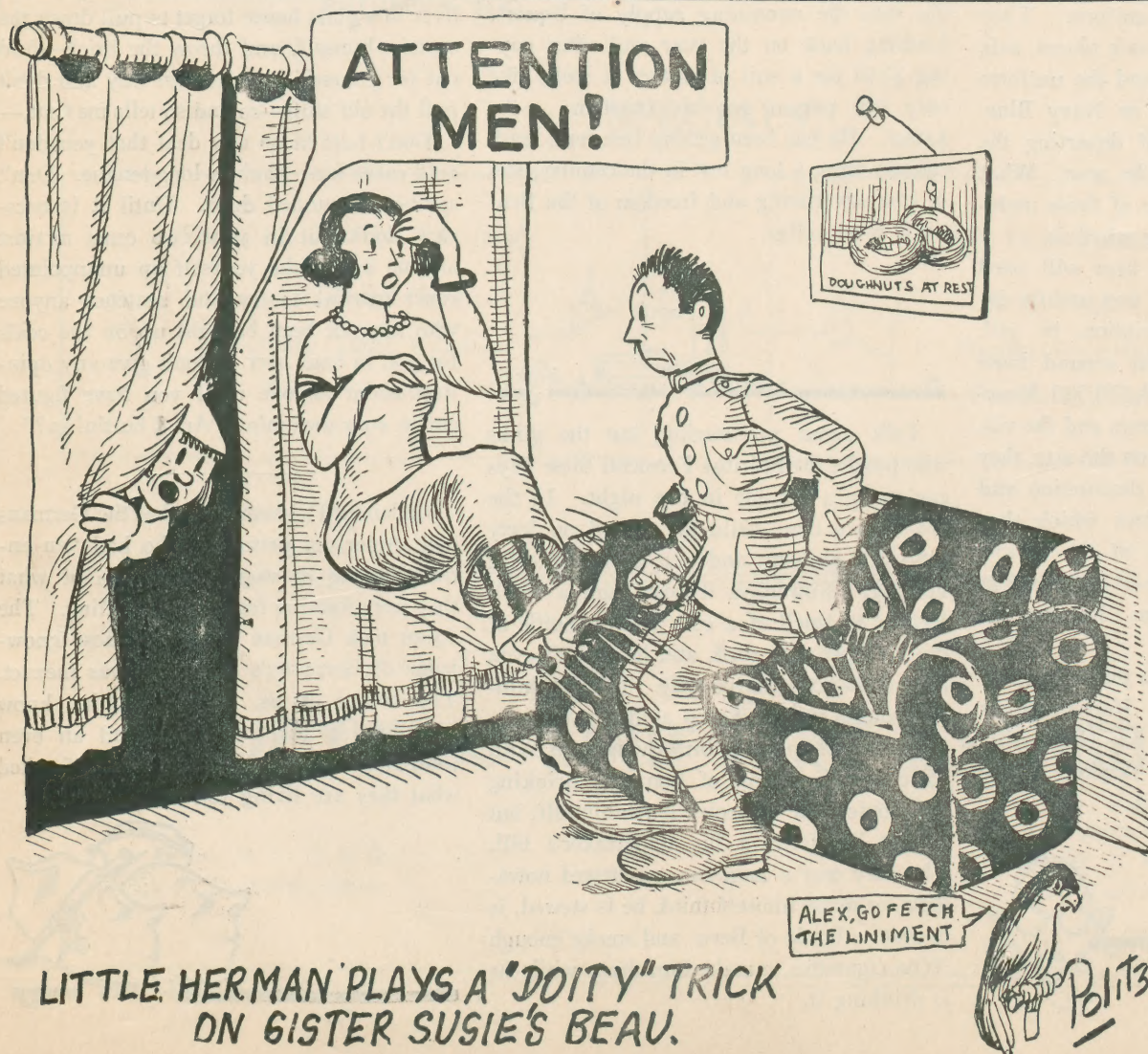
IT'S CAMOUFLAGE!

If you're touched for a loan by a friend who is flat,

And who'll pay "the day after or swallow his hat,"

Just borrow his watch till the day after that,—

IT'S CAMOUFLAGE!



LITTLE HERMAN PLAYS A "DOITY" TRICK ON GISTER SUSIE'S BEAU.

LLOYD GEORGE'S REWARD

A country yokel dropped in at an English tavern and overheard some conversation that led him to remark to the landlord:


"So this is Saint George's day, be it "

"Yes," said the landlord, "and every Englishman should know it."


"Well, I be English, but blowed if I knowed they'd made 'im a saint," cackled the old gaffer, raising his glass. 'Ere's to you. David!

"Has life in the military camp done your husband any good?"

"He's a different man, my dear. He sweeps the floor, washes the dishes and peels the potatoes without a word."



CAPS & CAPE



Deo et Humanitate

CHRISTMAS MEDITATIONS

Dear Santa Claus:—

I "have wrote" this note because—in quarters one and two and three—there's so much we want, you see. I think that I'd be saving time, by writing this little line. Now, Santa dear, I bet you won't forget that Harris wants her little Brown to come to town, and Hickman wants her discharge papers awful bad. It would be sad if she couldn't get back home for Xmas, oh, and say, I heard Straight wishing hard today for a "Remington" and what she said, she meant 'cause she wants to typewrite for the government. And Norcross wants another voice—if she can have her choice, she'll take an alto one—but, now, somehow "Keeran" just rushed in and said—"oh, I want a permanent pass to stay in bed in the morning"—please these are just a few of the things I am asking you. And have you any "cancel red" for Hughes, she has the blues about her hair, it's so redish everywhere—and Hoel would like a little mo', avoirdupois, and Joist is coaxing for a "him." His first name, Santa, must be Jim. Curl wants a card from her man, or a letter would be better. And Quinn requests "sweet plums" in her dish—a patient officer is her wish.

And Lena wants 365 dates next year. She hates old maids and has a fear—(I don't see why). and will you try to get someone to protect dear Mae, she's such a little girl and bashful, too, they say. And then, I have a wish, dear Santa, too—I'll tell you what you do—If in this great big bag for me—There's a slip marked night duty, will you just pass it to "Miss Sparks" she likes it so, you know. Many thanks,

Marjorie, of the A. N. C.

THIS AND THAT ALONG THE NURSES' ALLEY

It was a dark and "Ruth"less night, hideously late, I think it must have been all of eleven o'clock when I was awakened by a terrible "Noyes." I Leep er' ed out of bed "Withhart" in my mouth and do not know whether I walked into the "Hall er ran' but I saw "Mac Neil"ing and yelling, "Ho man," "O Doniel"!!!——Come quickly!!!

By that time I knew there had been a "Robin son." Somebody touched a "Bell an jer"ked me almost off my feet and I couldn't tell whether it was "Jones" the "Cole man," or old janitor "Thom son," the "Shoemaker" that was being held up.

Quite a crowd come "Patter(ing)son" to the scene for of course "Lee," "Williams" and some of the others had to see what was going on. I was yelling, for Heaven's sake, don't "Shute" or there will be a "Mas-sacre" and some one is apt to "Git shel"ed and we don't want the guard from post number four coming in here for I can't ad "Vance" any information. It's all so dreadful and I could not for the world "Mac(have the)Millians" hear about it.

It was not long after that the night nurse came along dragging in the O. D. He looked at me and told me in a "Taft'y voice to go to bed. I felt like telling him to go to "Hel en" but I couldn't "Sass a man"——Not me!!!!!! so I "Shuttler"ed off to bed and somehow "Kell er"ed in. I turned over and tried to feign sleep but I was in some "Swet man." I heard the O. D. tell the nurse to lower the "Curtin" to the "Joyce" and not "Heist" it anymore nor let any MOON-SHINE in my eyes, also———by all means not to "Jar vie" my bed.

My mind was no longer "Hayes'ie and I was at ease but I felt like I had a "Denton" my head. That had been enough "Jass en" around for one night———What "Trickey" things dreams are anyway.....

"CARRY ON"

Those of us who have come back will always keep a spot in our memories sacred to the little white crosses scattered over France. The sentinals standing guard over those who will never come back.

Here and there along the lines one comes across the name of an American woman. These women would wish for no greater honor than having their graves marked as those of the men whose suffering they had hoped to assist in alleviating.

It is believed that they would be glad to have their work in France continue. The nurses of America and their friends have been asked to contribute to a fund to be used to erect a new building for the Florence Nightingale School for nurses, Bordeaux, France. This structure to be a memorial to our nurses who died over there. Those who wish to help "carry on" may leave their donations with me to be forwarded as Oteen's offering.

Mary C. Barker,
U. S. A. N. C.

EXIT LAUGHINGLY

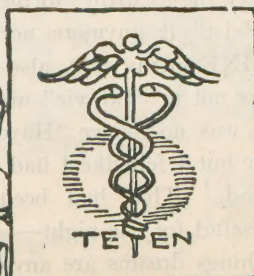
The curtain rises,, the scene is laid, When "Shoe-maker" plies her usual trade of telling someone he's her man of men. She glides gracefully off the stage and then His Majesty retreats and starts to rave. Dan Cupid says: "Take courage, be brave." Tho your heart's full of anguish, I'll tempt you for I will place in your dish a nice little "Pye". Then enters the "belle of society," then for a short time the world seemed fair. But the hand of fate is cruel and mean.

We enter now into the next scene.

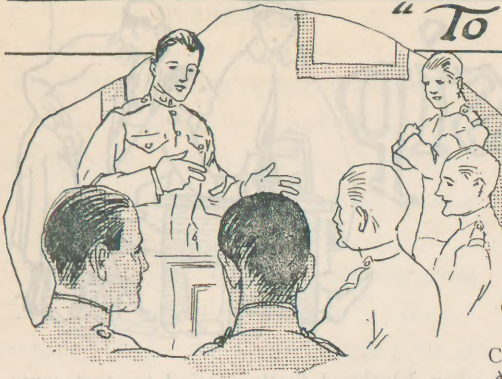
Our "patient Tom" with pretty smile—For the major now makes life worth while. But a dart from a bow—Dan Cupid says, "No" and out from your social life, Tommy must go.



CAPT. FRANK E. SANBORN, S.C.U.S.A.
Chief of Reconstruction



"To uplift and to build"—



Reconstruction

CAPT. FRANK E. SANBORN, S.C., *Chief of Reconstruction*
ANNA M. BARRINGER, *Supervisor of Aides*

Say, Buddy, how many times have you done it since you've been at this hospital? Done? Why, ducked for cover. A startling, unexpected noise and where do you find yourself? Under the table, in the ditch, flattened out somewhere. You didn't stop to think about it, you just acted, just ducked.

When you were a rookie you couldn't do that and now that you have become a veteran you can hardly refrain from it. What makes the difference? It was training, good hard training given you by your real friend, the top-sergeant and others, and helped by the thought that that quick action might still keep you a splendid fighting man to meet the Huns.



It was that training every day—day after day—that put you in shape and developed this habit, a habit that is second nature now and hard to overcome. What training are you undergoing now, what habit are you forming? Of course you are not yet well, you are in a hospital, but really, is that a reason why you should not train yourself while here, so as to be ready to meet your old job or your new job and master it as you met and mastered the Huns? You can not do it without training. You may be forming some habits here, habits which will not aid in handling that job. Doing nothing when you could be doing something to your advantage—reading, studying, training your fingers, hardening our muscles.

You can master that job with training. A few minutes each day on some one thing forms a habit—two habits; one the thing done and one the setting yourself to do something. Further, training into useful habits prevents betting undesirable habits.

You are not yet well and strong, but most of you are not so sick but what you might easily form some of those undesirable habits. A little will power can be exerted to do a little training in the right direction each day. The Reconstruction Department with the Ward work and its nearby shops and its Reconstruction Building is here to furnish you opportunity, whether a college man or a man who can not read or write. Ask any Aide about this opportunity for study and Ward work.

Follow directions, please, as to where you do this work. Some patients should work in their ward, some in a nearby ward, some at the Reconstruction Building. This arrangement is for your own improvement in health. The Aides cannot do anything to assist you if you will not play the game fairly and go by the rules.

★ ★

It is one of those undesirable habits you may be acquired, namely, not playing the game squarely, not doing as you are directed. When you take that coming job you will have to follow the rules of the game, will have to take orders. Better get the habit of doing as directed, it holds good most times if you would accomplish results. Things run much more smoothly and efficiently when rules, no matter if you do not see the reason for them, are lived up to.

★ ★

What do you think? We had a fellow sign up with us for some work the other day. It was something he should know about back home on his job. He hasn't been back since. Why not? Well, we can not say as we have not seen him again. But we can try a few guesses; he knows which, if any, is right.

Let's see. He has a habit of doing nothing to improve his time, and he has not the will power to overcome that habit. What do you say to that? Not enough Will Power, and he expects his discharge some time soon. Let's see again. He's "asking for discharge

soon and it won't pay to start in." Now you know, Buddy, that that is just an excuse. He surely needs all the training in using his mind and hand he can get before he goes out: he needs to start new habits; he needs to acquire will power to get habits of right action. Let's see once more. He may be in the guard-house or restricted to ward. If either of these, we wonder who it was did not play the game by the rules.



Will Power? Of course you have will power. Didn't you lick the Huns? Yes, you licked the Huns but are you going to live on that all the rest of your life? Are you never going to do anything else because you were privileged to have a good part in that big fight and were somewhat damaged in doing it? Honor to you for your part in it. But don't lie down on right living of your life. You're good for many years yet. Use the time allowed you by your ward surgeon in doing Reconstruction word where he directs it done. Use your will power to acquire the habit of daily application to this work, this job. Use your will power to down those habits which hold you from improving yourself. Use your will power to get those habits which will make you a better man. And in the future your comrades in life will honor you for your valiant fight to conquer yourself.

★ ★

I-18 challenges any ward in the hospital to a Kite-flying contest. Sergeant Mosher receives acceptances.

★ ★

A prize has been offered to the man on I-8 who makes the best Christmas Card design. Get busy at once so as to have them done by December 1st. Any number of designs may be submitted by a patient.

★ ★

Lieut. Gadebush of O. W.-6 has made the best tray in captivity. He admits it himself. He says it's for his mother.



THE REALLY-SICKS TROUNCE THE GOLD-BRICKERS 30 TO 0

Big championship battle draws crowd of over 1200 tuberculosis patients.

The Really-sick team beat the much healthier Gold-Brickers at Cemetery Field on Thanksgiving day before a large crowd. The stands were one mass of colors. The Gold-brickers banners were blue field with two hands shaking, while the Really-sicks banner was a white sputum cup on a blood-red field.

The first score was made after the kick-off, when Toothless Laurier the Really-sick quarter-back, recovered a fumble and sprinted 35 beds for a touchdown. Windjammer Faughn the Really-sicks right half-back scored a touchdown in each of the three remaining periods. The field was in good condition, except for pools of blood, the result of numerous and profuse hemorrhages by Hemorrhage Paon. Really-sicks back-field and ends played a dandy defensive game. These men were over the beds like streaks, and their tackling resulted in much blood being spilled. Windjammer Faughn was probably the most conspicuous player in the game, he was everywhere, breaking up plays, and getting through the interference of such tough men as Stick-in-the-egg-nog McLoughlin of millionaires row, Brookline Mass, Hamburger, Limberg, Discoverer Strassel, Stogie Young, T. B. Neeley, and Flat-head Stettner (the New Jersey mosquito.) On the offensive he tore through the stalwart Gold-brickers line for many gains, and in the third period ran 95 beds for a touchdown. The Really-sicks had the ball when the final period opened. A try through Stick-in-the-egg-nog McLoughlin at left-end lost twelve beds, and a line buck cost them four more. Nauseau Karutis was forced to punt to Tanglefoot Dennis who ran back seven beds and slipped in some fly-paper and fell. High-diver Potvin after receiving a long pass from Tanglefoot Dennis made a seventy-three bed dash until downed by Shad McDermott, the Real-

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS



ly-sick's ten second man. Three tries at the Really-sick line forced Flipo Davey to try for a field goal. Flipo's kick was blocked by Shad McDermott, who recovered the ball and made forty beds before being downed by Stogie Young. An end run by Kewpie Nash resulted from a very clever formation of the Really-sick line, put the final score over and Nauseau Karutis missed his fifth try for the goal.

During the last scrimmage, Bonehead Whelan was kicked in the head by Rough-house Gladding. Rough-house broke his toe, and Whelan smiled.

The Really-sicks were penalized several times because of the rough work of Rough-house Gladding and Ghost Earle. Earle used to be a Toreador in Bull-Bull Mexico.

Tanglefoot Dennis was troubled with trench-feet and stage-fright, and fell down several times when he had a clear field.

After the game Doctor T. B. Neely in a lengthy talk told the boys to cut out Wine, Woman and Song, and take the cure. Neely has cut out the song.

All of the 1135 patients saw the game. 1100 were in the Gold-bricking stand, and only 35 in the Really-sick pavilion.

When the smoke from the power-house blew over the field between the halves, Stogie Young was so excited that he thought he was home in Pittsburg and sent a telegram to the C. O. asking for an extension of his pass.

Captain Alexander, coach of the Really-sicks, and former Keystone star, was pleased with the result. Captain Hayes, who coached the Gold-brickers (alias T. B. Experts) left for home after the third period.

At the sight of so much blood being spilled on the field, Sissy Barrick fell into a faint from which he was aroused, only after a strenuous effort by Lieutenant Sullivan.

Streaky Sputum Strain, erstwhile nurse charmer, became so interested in some nurses, that he forgot to attend to his duties as linesman on several occasions.

The game was halted in the second period

when Flathead Stettner tried to start something with Rough-house Gladding. One of the spectators hit Flathead in the head with a Vin bottle, and glass was scattered over the playing field. Time was called until the field was cleared. Stettner just gave one of his Bolsheviki grins from ear to ear, and some of the people thought his throat was cut. Stettner resumed play.

Out-of-wind Casey started several brilliant runs, but had to stop for air and raise the distress signal. His left hand was in evidence most of the time.

Between the halves High-diver Potvin, the quietest man on either team, gave a talk on prohibition.

The Gold-brickers only made two first downs, and Flipo had to make six punts for a total of thirty-six beds.

Percentage Neukrug wanted transportation for half price but was refused. After arriving at the grounds he was persuaded to pay his admission after a half hour argument. He collected enough cigarettes to more than pay for his admission. Percentage, better known as ABE, was a sniper with the WILD-CATS. Percentage went sniping cigarettes out on the playing field, and several of the players walked on his hand.

We thank you one and all for your patronage, even the cat and dog, which were present.

Especial thanks are rendered by the injured players to Misses Tar Heed Singleton, Dentist Vaughn, Sweet Rose Budd, Blushing Breman, Ace Harris, Mississippi O'Sullivan, and Shody E. Jane Jones, for their brilliant work in rendering first aid.

Good-bye, O. D., I would be free;
You've clothed my frame too long for me.
I want some clothes with room, and hose
All red and green; a tie of rose;
I'll walk the Rue with clothes to view.
Hands in my jeans, coat open, too.
With dicer crown I'll rule the town,
And no M. P. to call me down.

I-1 GOSSIP

On Friday evening of last week the boys of I-1 were pleasantly surprised by a real thanksgiving supper—turkey, cranberry, sauce 'n everything—given by their popular aide, Mrs. Hope K. Pardee.

Faith, "Hope," love, yet abideth these three. But the greatest of these is "Hope." Without "Hope" I-1 would become a lot of raving maniacs and a pack of wild cats.

Our amiable, new ward surgeon, Capt. J. A. Orbison, bids fair to be as well liked as was our splendid Capt Sanders who is now Doc Sanders of Lindsay, Calif.

DOUGHBOYS SIT IN EX-KAISER'S
OPERA CHAIR FOR 97 CENTS

Americans in Berlin are at present enjoying the lowest-priced grand opera in history.

For 15 cents, American money, seats may be had in the fourth balcony of the former Kaiser's Royal Opera, now the National Opera. For 97 cents of Uncle Sam's much desired and highly prized money one may sit in the ex-Kaiser's own chair in the front row of the large imperial box.

The devil sends the blessed winds

That blow the skirts knee-high.

But the Lord is just and sends the dust

That blinds the wicked eye.

WHEN WILL IT BE?

Some day an order will be received,
So that we all can be relieved.

No joy to such heights can rise,

As on that morning, when we'll arise.

Can you picture the barracks on that day?

Can you see us all, the way

We'll dance and sing and shout?

For there'll be no need of "putting out "

What "hand-shaking," what friendly grasps

What passing of "dope" between gasps?

What hurrying, hustling and laughter and
joy?

What ways to celebrate each will em-
ploy?

Just imagine!



IF WE LOOK AS WE FEEL IN OUR CONVALESCENT SUIT

There has
Been no
End of
Discussion
As to
Who posed
For this
Realistic
Trio of
Patient
Patients
Populor vote
By the
Editorial
End of
Our Staff
And the
Laundry
Girls
And the
Asheville
Constabulary
Has it
Unanimously
That on
The left
We have
Paddy Donovan
In the
Center
Vincent Scanlon
From the
Hill
And
On the
Right
Clifton E. Gurd,
All
Members
Of this
Club.
—K. M. A.



How does Fancy get away with having his fevered brow stroked afternoons? We don't know anything about evening.

★ ★

Announcement is made that Doc Whitney has relieved Lt. Dimples Moss of job as janitor at the Little Red Cross.

★ ★

George Schaeffer says he can't fly kites as well as Geese Small; but he challenges him to a game of marbles.

★ ★

Miss Donnelly says it was a mean trick to put Capt. Mac in Gen. Persinger's bunk when she wasn't here to stand up for her rights.

★ ★

Woozy Bass appreciates the humor more than any of the rest of us though.

★ ★

Too bad that some of our orderlies never have been in the army.

★ ★

The Oteen begs Lieut Mill's pardon for having given Lt. Bass all the credit for entertaining the Biltmore ladies Wednesday a week.

★ ★

Next time Murray gets to Washington we remark with Priscilla, "Speak for thyself, John."

★ ★

Inspired by those pies of Mrs. Radford, we could write all day.

★ ★

Hear Tow has lost some weight.

★ ★

Of course, that's from dropping so many H's.

★ ★

There was an eclipse the other morning. Attention is directed to the fact that we have brought in no pun on the name of our old-timer. The Oteen is improving.

★ ★

Wish, if they're going to throw us out, they'd hurry up before we bust out of our uniforms.

Freddy Moon said he didn't mind carrying the box up to the A. B. No. 1 to catch skunk, but he didn't want to be around when it was taken back.

★ ★

By the way, that's the first time we ever heard of a skunk opening screen doors. Fred, did he open that door?

★ ★

What's McCorkle doing with Bailey-Banks diamond catalogue?

★ ★

Red Cross Fords are warned to obey rules of this camp and not tie up to trees, or use our front lawn for a roller-coaster.

★ ★

Who stole the screw out of the bell indicator on O. W.-2? We agree, there's a screw loose somewhere.

★ ★

Brooker has transferred his activities to E-6.

★ ★

Capt. McFarland has decided to return to his old haunts at O. W.-2. Don't crowd gentlemen.

★ ★

In a two club bid, always take one out. Revised edition by Mc Campbell Dempsey.

★ ★

Bud says "Corner Bums" means the other corner.

★ ★

After looking over George Baier's Sears-Roebuck catalogue, we wandered across the road and glanced casually into the new Buick touring car that carries our down-trodden working classes (carpenters) around the post; and saw a Rolls-Royce catalogue lying on the seat.

"MY CELLAR"

My cellar, 'tis of thee,
Wondrous sub-treasury,
Of thee I sing;
Cave of your owner's pride!
Hall where glad spirits hide!
To every bottle's side,
Le cobwebs cling.

My sacred cellar, thee,
Pent-up perfumery,
For lucky lungs!
I love thy flirting flasks,
Thy jugs, thy jovial casks:
Heigh-ho, the tempting tasks
Of pulling bungs!

Le prohibition spread
Outside—above my head;
Down here all's well!
Let mellow whisky flow!
Let neighbors come below!
This is the life, what-ho!
Who would rebel!

John Barleycorn, old boy,
They cannot kill they joy;
Hail, Nature's pet!
Long last each home's supply!
—America's gone dry?
Ho, what a jolly lie!
—We're soaking wet!

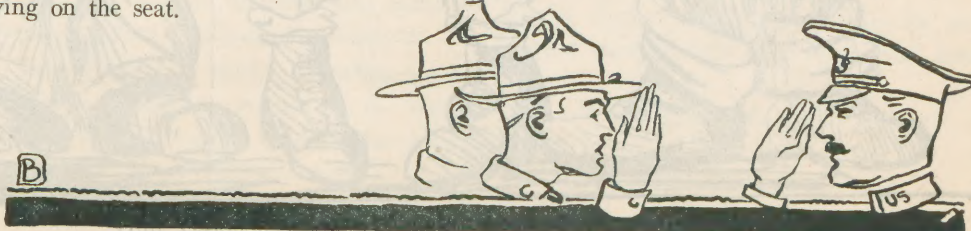
IN VAIN

He had fairly puzzled the good village folk, had that clever ventriloquist, and now he was going to perform his last and greatest feat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, with a grand bow, "I will proceed to sing that famous ballad, 'Good-bye,' in a lady's voice, which will appear to proceed from the empty air above your heads."

The minutes passed. Looks of strain and agony, doubt and anger, chased one another across the performer's face; but there was no song.

Then a voice suddenly broke the silence. "'Tain't no good, guv-nor," it said, "I've bin an' lost the gramophone needle."



REGULARS SOON WILL BE SENT TO THE CLASSROOM

In announcing its program of educational and vocational training for the army the War Department states that the policy is to provide as far as possible throughout the service adequate and immediate opportunity for the educational and vocational training of such men as desire it. The Department has allotted \$1,000,000 for this training at various camps, which is one half of the appropriation made by Congress for this purpose for the year ending June 30, 1920. The balance will be allotted as soon as the needs of the service have been more definitely determined.

Each training point will be supplied with the necessary tools, apparatus, machinery and supplies, and text books, the latter lately used in France in the A. E. F. schools. A complete reference library will be provided by the American Library Association for each divisional camp and possibly at others centers.

Courses which will be taught at these schools are outlined, including the following for the Medical Department: Pharmacist, nurse, surgical attendant, dental assistant, X-ray worker, biologist, and embalmer. Of these pharmacist, nurse, and surgical attendant are considered most essential, with embalming considered least essential at present.

The surgeon will continue to develop to the greatest possible degree educational and vocational training in the Medical Department. Subjects related to the work of the department will be given first consideration.

SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER WILL REPLACE MUCH WIRE COMMUNICATION TO CAMPS

A new form of special delivery letter receiving the same prompt attention as a telegram has been authorized by the War Department to cut down the innumerable wire communications now in use between Washington and the various camps and posts.

Communications which require prompt attention but not immediate action, and those which demand both, but should under normal circumstances be delivered within eighteen hours after mailing by special delivery mail will be sent in the new form. A blank form headed "Special Delivery Letter," and bordered in red is being printed for distribution for this purpose.

AN ESSAY ON MAN (AT OTEEN)

Man born of woman filleteth a small place in this world. He riseth up to-day and flourisheth like a T. B. "bug" and to-morrow the undertaker hath him. He goeth forth in the morning like a conquering Napoleon and is knocked out in one round.

In the midst of life he is attacked by a hoard of "bugs" and the "bug" specialist persueth him wherever he goeth. The grade of life is very steep and he goeth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh forth in the bright sunlight, studiously "chasing" the cure and he meeteth a fair damsel who induces him to stay out late. When he returneth he meeteth the O. D. who riseth up and places a heavy tax thereon. In the early hours of the evening he putteth two blankets on his bed, and before daylight a frost stricketh him and filleteth him with cuss words and rheumatism. He goeth forth and eateth unsanitary foods and the "bugs" abideth therein starteth trouble.

They hurleth him back in bed and cometh after him and sitteth upon him. He buyeth a "flivver" and goeth forth into the mountains, (in search of air) and when he returneth the ward surgeon putteth him to bed for three weeks. He goeth to the automobile races and betteth his last dollar on number fourteen, and number fifteen and the flat tire winneth.

He marrieth a wealthy (?) nurse with a wart on her nose and goeth to live in the little home for two and wanteth to be happy ever afterward. But the next the parent ancestor goeth with great liabilities and cometh to live with his beloved son-in-law.



INDOOR SPORTS
THURSDAY—BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT
THE BUTTON

THE UNEMPLOYED PUTTEE

Among the most difficult problems of reconstruction is that of the puttee. When our soldiers come back there will be millions of puttees in the country facing unemployment.

The government has been shortsighted, almost cynically heartless in this matter. Look at it this way. Each puttee has certain inalienable rights. None but a heartless government would for a moment contemplate leaving a puttee that gave up its career as a boot, unoccupied. In short, it may be announced as an eternal principal that every puttee is, ipso facto, entitled to encircle a human calf.

However, the situation is not desperate. Thus: A certain percentage of the demobilized puttees may find some employment in the coming British elections, particularly those in Ireland. Nothing conduces so much to safety in a closely contested election as a well-protected shin.

Moreover, a certain number of the better class may be used as sausage skins.

There will also be a continuing demand on the part of newspapers correspondents for these faithful and picturesque servants.

Khaki elections will require a few.

Moving picture actors will take a few.

But the great rank and file will have to change to a radically different employment, if they want to survive.

Is it right and just of the government to fail in provision for these worthy workers?

Heroic measures must be taken. A law should be passed ordering everyone who has written a war book to wear puttees as a mark of distinction. Such a law alone would almost use up the surplus left by the war.

Then there are the military critics, of course.—New York Evening Post.

A TOAST

Water, pure, limpid, sparkling water. How oft have I seen thee on the green sward at the glorious hour of dawn—a dew drop. How oft have I seen thee rushing down the mountain side—a roaring torrent. How oft have I seen thee on the cheek of a blushing maiden—a tear drop. But water, pure, liquid, limpid, sparkling water, with all thy pleasing attributes I will have to relegate thee to the background, for thou art too D—thin.

The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

(Bruno has hopped right out of the turmoil of industrial struggle into the quiet ways of art. In other words, Bruno is now a picture painter, after being an ex-sergeant in the Engineers, an applicant for a job as captain of a canal-boat, a moving-picture scenario writer and advertising manager of the Blow-out Auto Tire Company. Versatile little cuss, this hero of ours. He painted a picture on his very first crack that got him a big hand from an honest-to-goodness artist who couldn't quite make out what it was meant to be a picture of, but who fell for it strong just the same. It ain't what it's of that counts any more in a picture to-day, it's how it makes you feel. If you look at a picture of an old lady with a green face and a purple eye who looks as if she's spent the night on a park bench and didn't give a hurrah about what anybody thought of it, and you get a come-back then it's a good picture. Now you know the theory of modern art and you can consider yourself pretty darn fortunate to have read this synopsis. A whole lot of guys are paying good money at art schools to learn what we give you here for nothing.)

CHAPTER IXL

"Now," said Bruno's artist friend, whose name, by the way, is Arturo MacAlevy, "come along with me and I will introduce you to the circle."

"Naw," said Bruno, "I don't want no more liquor. I drunk enough with you this afternoon to float a battleship."

"You don't understand, dear chap," said Arturo. "I am going to introduce you to the elite, the cognoscenti, the esoteric."

"I don't like wops," said Bruno crossly. Arturo sighed.

"Really," he said, "for one who has just completed the artistic masterpiece of the year you seem, if I may say so, a trifle crude. But then I suppose we must forgive genius anything. There is a story, you know, to the effect that Van Gogle, the great French modernist, chopped off the ear of Gaugin, his contemporary, while the latter was paying him a friendly call—"

"Get out," interrupted Bruno suddenly, "you mean one of these painter birds sliced a

guy's cauliflower with a Jerry-cutter?"

"So the story goes," answered Arturo.

"Well, what do you know about that?" marvelled Bruno, "but I got one that's better than that. When we was driving through the Argonne I came into a jam swinging my machete and there right in front of me was a great, big guy, bigger than Willard. And I ups with my cheese separator and I says——"

But here Bruno was stopped by the strange actions of Arturo, who was walking up and down the studio with his fingers in his ears, moaning deeply.



BRUNO BLOWING HIS BRAINS OUT
BY DODGE

"What's biting you?" asked Bruno.

"Such a terrible, terrible story," sobbed Arturo, "don't go on, I beg of you. I abhor violence. Come, put on your hat and I will introduce you to the circle."

Bruno followed him out obediently, wondering why Arturo did not want to hear the gong finish of his yarn, but figuring that you never can tell about artists.

They went quite a long way to a dingy little house with a funny looking glass roof on top of it.

"Some of the circle are gathered here tonight. They are all artists and poets like you. I want you to know them."

"Aw right, shoot," said Bruno.

They stumbled up a flight of rickety stairs and finally were admitted to a room thick with cigarette smoke and lighted only by

one dim candle on a table in the middle. Beside the candle there was only one other object on this table, a statue of a lady from which Bruno hastily averted his glance.

Sitting or lying on the floor or lolling around on little stools and broken-legged sofas were the oddest collection of people Bruno had ever met up with, even in moving pictures. The men were pale and greasy, with funny, starrey eyes. The women wore wild-looking clothes and glared at Bruno the way the captain used to give the double "o" Saturday mornings.

"This is Bruno. He is one of us," said Arturo to the assembled company, and went over to the corner to get a cigarette.

Bruno shuffled around in the middle of the room for a minute, kicked one foot against the other and then decided to sit on the floor next to a great big jane who had on a suit that looked like blue denim overalls.

She leaned confidentially over to Bruno and said:

"Tell me, what do you think of Ezra Pound?"

Ezra and Bruno were not what you might call little pals together, but Bruno, as you have noticed, may be down but he is never out.

"Oh, he will do," said Bruno, "but you got to hand it to this Hod Eller."

"Hod Eller," said the big jane, a little perplexed. "I don't seem to know his work."

"Well, I wasn't there, either," said Bruno, "but they do say in Cambridge that he worked good in the last Saturdays Yale game."

The big jane cast a bewildered stare Burnowards and then turned to her partner on her left.

"A most remarkable young man," she said in a loud voice.

Just as Bruno was thinking up a snappy retort the candle gave a gasp and burned out. The room was sucked up into darkness. A soft, warm hand suddenly stole into Bruno's. Instinctively he grasped it and held it fast. Just then someone touched a match to the candle. Bruno turned to look at the owner of the hand he was holding.

(To be continued.)



DOINGS OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

Miss Cowdrick is the same prim, much adored, Miss Cowdrick.

★ ★

Word comes that Lt. Grimes has joined the Texas Rangers as a Mess sergeant.

★ ★

Lt. Blaylock looks well in tie and collar.

★ ★

Our fashionable censor, Capt. Purinton is on a vacation these days.

★ ★

The editor and business manager are having their ups and downs—mostly ups.

★ ★

With these old army sergeants arriving, Oteen is sure looking like an old soldiers home.

★ ★

Miss Schwinn, A. N.C. is spending much of her time writing letters to Santa Claus.

★ ★

Lt. Prees is drawing his blank this week, and dons the joyous civies.

★ ★

Lt. Mills was entertained at the home of Mrs. B. F. Campbell, Asheville last Saturday evening.

★ ★

The Misses Hughes and Quinn are back on duty after a short stay in the Infirmary.

★ ★

Joe Downey and Sgt. Cope went possum huntin' on Tuesday night last. They returned with ne'er a possum—but sure did have a package upon their return.

★ ★

Mike Bloom was seen walking down Patton Avenue with a silk hat upon his noble bean. Thanksgiving morning.

★ ★

Sgt. Fowler almost got his discharge.

★ ★

Joe Barnish is——— (censored.)

*When you think of anything
new to wear,
always think of*

CADISON'S

A Fashion Shop for Ladies

FOURTEEN BILTMORE AVENUE

Spike Warner of the Q. M. was seen wending his way back to camp with a box of flowers the other afternoon.

★ ★

We've received lots of compliments upon Capt. Metcalf's picture last week.

★ ★

Capt. Vass dined at Kellogg's Wednesday evening.

★ ★

Lt. and Mrs. Anderson were observed purchasing their turkey in the Star Market.

★ ★

Fifty regulars are coming in on the first—perhaps.

★ ★

Sgt. Andrews is wearing out much shoe leather between Barracks 243 and the Hostess House.

★ ★

Kid Leonard has a new queen.

★ ★

Master Sergeants Hendrixon and Stafford went squirrel chasing Saturday last—accompanied by a wolfhound. All enjoyed the walk very much.

★ ★

Master Sgt. Wilson received a communication from the Adjutant General last week—and the Adjutant General is getting a reply.

Sgt. Klingshaefer, Capt. Townsend's right-bower, has returned from a short trip to Mississippi.

★ ★

The high lord of the Post Exchange, x-Lt. White, entertained at his home Tuesday night last. A bowl of Wartless pickles adorned the center-table. It was a soured party until x-Sgt. Bartels outed a bottle of good cheer from his hip-pocket. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mstr. H. S. Sergt. Radford. The baby carriage privilege was given to Sgt. Winters, who also sold chewing gum in the door-way. Dinner was served at midnight, and grace said by Ed. Loewy.

THE PIANO THAT ONCE SAVED JACK LONDON'S LIFE

Jack London met Padrewski once and said: "Mr. Paderwski, my performance on a piano on one occasion was the means of saving my life."

"How so?" asked the pianist.

"Well," said London, "father owned a plantation on the Mississippi. There was a flood. The water broke through the levee and tore the house from its foundations. Father floated off downstream on the dining table. I accompanied him on the piano."

Say, Old Timer!

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SOMETHING THEY CAN'T BUY—
SOMETHING YOU MUST GIVE—
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\$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00 AND \$40.00

DOUGLAS SHOES—\$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 UP TO \$8.00

Indestructo Trunks and Leather Goods

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DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY

23-25 BILTMORE AVENUE

TELEPHONE 887

OVER EIGHTEEN THOUSAND PA- TIENTS STILL TREATED IN OUR ARMY HOSPITALS

Eighteen thousand, nine hundred patients overseas men and others requiring general hospital treatment, are being cared for in the seventeen Army hospitals now functioning in the United States. This includes thirteen hundred and eighty-eight patients at Camp Merrit, N. J., under the Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J. The total bed capacity has been reduced to 22,476.

The above census was made up to October 31, and included the following hospitals: AN GH Hot Springs, Ark., GH Ft Bayard, N. M., Letterman G. H. San Fran., WR GH Takoma Park, D. C. GH 2 Ft. McHenry, Md., GH 6 Ft. McPherson, GH 7 Roland Park, Md., GH 8 Otisville, N. Y., GH 19 Oteen, N. C., GH 20 Whipple Bks., Ariz., GH 21 Denver, Colo., GH Ft Sheridan, Ill., GH 31 Carlisle, Pa., GH 41 Fox Hills, S. I. N. Y., GH 43 Hampton, Va., and BH Ft Sam Houston, Texas.

Since his census was made the total has been reduced to eighteen thousand, four hundred and six patients.

HAVE YOU?

Have you a little sister in your home?
Have you a little raisin in your bevo?
Have you a little pledge pin on your coat?
Have you a little tickler on your lip?
Have you a little medal on your watch-chain?
Have you a little nursie on your string?

S. STERNBERG & CO.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*We Buy Anything and
Sell Everything*

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

HIS DISCOVERY

"Well, sir, I went to a moving picture show over at Tumlinville tuther night, and found out something new," related a citizen of Fiddle Creek, N. C. "The picture was by a feller named Hart, or something of the sort, and the way he shot and fit and drunk licker was a sight on earth. Why, he took four or five drams, and then went with his gang and shot up a passel of fellers—horse thieves, I reckon— and took and lynched the last of 'em as pretty as you please! The funny part was that when I spoke to the manager of the show about it he said feller, Hart, got paid big money for doing that. You could a-slapped me down with a feather! 'Do you actually mean to tell me he has to be paid for drinking and lynching?' says I. 'Well, I'll be everlastingly dad-slivered!' "

A huge, burly soldier was arrested for drunkenness and confined to the guard-house. His constant attendant for the next few days was a little, timid guard, who pattered around after him like a child. One morning they were late to mess, where-at the cook assailed the guard.

"Can't you come on time? This ain't no hotel!" he shouted. The guard shrank away, and the cook, emboldened, struck him. Instantly the big prisoner intervened with a well-aimed blow at the cook.

"Hey, you!" he roared, "you leave my guard alone! I ain't going to have anyone at all abusing him."

LISTEN, FELLOWS!

How about an attractive day trip to Pisgah, Chimney Rock, Mt. Mitchell? This is the most beautiful season of the year. I have a large seven-passenger National car, and its use can be had at very reasonable rates to the personnel of Oteen. For definite dates see

MISS LAIRD

Chief Nurse's Office, Oteen, N. C.

THE Officer in COMMAND

In every man's life, some principle must be devoted to the post of command, so to speak—to guide his career to the successful culmination of his ambition. If this principle is THRIFT, joined with a Savings Account, the battle of life will result in triumphant victory.

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SOUTH PACK SQUARE

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BREAKFAST	8:00 TO 10:30
DINNER	12:00 TO 1:30
SUPPER	5:30 TO 6:30

Everybody Welcome at the Hostess House

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BARBEE-CLARK CIGAR & TOB. CO.

D I S T R I B U T O R S

Service Club Notes

The turkey wasn't so bad, was it?

★ ★

Uncle Jack Wilson has left the camp and is preparing to take up work in civil life again. He went to Greensboro to visit a sister, from California, and from there he will go to Arcadia, Fla., and open a real estate office. Uncle Jack will long be remembered by the detachment men and patients as a great big hearted man and one ready at all times to help bear and share burdens. In the building he was more like a father than any thing the writer can think of. I'm darn glad I knew him and had a chance to work with him.

★ ★

Dooley is some little old hair comber.

★ ★

Following is the program for the Service Clubs:

Monday, movies, talks, lectures, etc.

Tuesday, movies.

Thursday, Social program and a party of Asheville ladies.

Friday, detachment men's dance.

Saturday, movies.

Sunday, Sunday School, Evening service and movies.

Any comments for improvement of entertainments will be thankfully received.

★ ★

Fred Armantrout experts to go home soon. He likes U. S. General Hospital 20, Pres-

U. S. General Hospital No. 19
buy most of its eggs from

The Western Produce Company

Doesn't this speak well for
Western Produce quality?

Ask your grocer for Western
Produce Eggs.

cott, Arizona, but has had 14 months nursing and will be discharged under a recent ruling from Washington.

★ ★

Sgt. Warren continues the center of attraction.

★ ★

If Green's nerve didn't fail him he was operated on yesterday.

★ ★

Bill Barton, of the War Camp Community Service, furnished the refreshments Thursday night. Bill says he can't find enough to do in town and enjoys an inroad on the camp occasionally.

★ ★

Sgt. Tampke keeps mighty busy these days on outside detail.

★ ★

When one enterprising patient was denied admittance to the detachment men's dance he retired and prepared a sign, "No Soldiers Allowed," and pinned it on the door. Of course he didn't mean anything personal.

★ ★

Mike Bloom threatens to start carrying matches or doing something else which will stamp him as a hard guy.

★ ★

Weatherington, Brantley and Beasley are developing into real musicians.

★ ★

We know one soldier who has soaked away \$120 in the past month and he didn't do it shooting craps either. Several others have stuck away lesser amounts.

C. A. WALKER DRUG STORE

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

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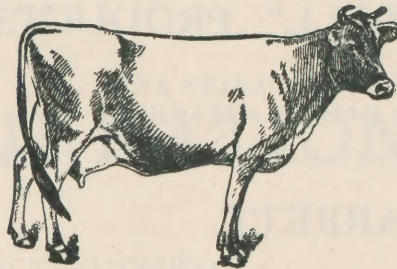
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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE
ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE
BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR
MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

The Haywood Grill

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

TWISTS BY OUR CONTEMPORARIES

At the end of a half hour Tony Juca, 3761 Trent avenue, S. W., a park employe, was being taken to City hospital with severe bruises about the hips where the *sow* had jabbed him with her horns.

★ ★

The Rev. Smith Jones will preach on a "Joyride to Hell." Everybody welcome. Come early—every seat will be filled.

★ ★

Apartment of four of five rooms and bath wanted by Dec. 1, by young couple *to be married next month near Lackawanna Railroad Station* in Newark. Address F. J. G., Box 34, Call Office.

★ ★

The hour of speaking had been set at 8:30 and the Ardmore Convention Hall with a seating capacity of *five*, was filled to overflowing.

★ ★

Commenting on the apple exhibit, the judge said he had never seen better *peaches*.

★ ★

Parlor maid wanted for *nearly* married lady.

★ ★

Leonard Erickson has taken his wife to Rochester, Minn, for an operation for *Garter*.

★ ★

James W. Blain brought his little two year old daughter, Vivian, to the hospital last night to be treated for cholera and *Phantom*.

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Grande
CIGARS**

A mild Havana for men of discriminating taste, is now on sale at

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Greatest Production

Featuring
GLORIA SWANSON
and
THOMAS MEIGHAN

An epic of love and struggle, vital in theme, stupendous in conception, amazingly dramatic, beautiful beyond words. Founded on J. M. Barrie's famous play, "THE ADMIRABLE CRICKTON"

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Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
Matinee 35c Night 50c

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